

The Focus

.. Alumnae Number ..

June
1913

State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia

*Why pay more
when Ten Cents
will do?*



ROY MATHEWSON
Nothing Over Ten Cents

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No. 5

Good-Night

O darling, now the night is here
And sleepy time has come;
Then close your eyes, O sweetest one,
Then close your eyes, O loved one,
And let the dream-ship come.
Let the dream-ship come from that beautiful land
'Way over the sleepy seas,
For it brings my love all bound for you,
All woven and wrought and made for you,
All wafted there afar to you
In the form of a beautiful dream.

—*Therese Johnson*, '12.

Go in' a Courtin'



HE WAS one of those country bumpkins who hung sheepishly back when girls were near. His feats of strength and hardihood, as well as his bluff but not unpleasant countenance, were known throughout the neighborhood. When it came to the fair sex, being so timid, his gallantry was naturally uncouth, and never went further than slipping a big red apple to "her," or writing messages on his slate and holding it where "she" could get a full view of it. "He" never dared let his glances roam across to where "she" sat in the school. Sometimes perhaps, after they had been dismissed, "he" would stride along down the path in front of "her" to where their routes parted.

The little one-room log "blab school" had been closed for three or four weeks, and stood stark and gray and lonely by the roadside—if I may flatter it by giving it that cognomen. Somehow the place had a listless repose, as did the whole neighborhood in fact. Aside from the occasional whistle of the quail, or the tapping of a woodpecker, there is rarely ever an exception to the uniform tranquility in these mountains. The boys and girls who came to school here were of the primitive mountain type—generally termed "hill billies"—always clad in home-spun clothes, and home-made shoes. But the two of these of whom I have spoken are John Giles, sometimes called Johnny, and Sallie Huskey, a debonair damsel and the daughter of one of the most prosperous farmers of this section.

John had never been to see her. Since school had been out he had not seen her, for the days of that April had been days of mist and rain. Between each dawn and sunset the heavy clouds of mist had rolled up the steep mountain sides. These signs of spring announced the planting season. Therefore, on account of his work and the weather he had put off his long-planned visit.

He had only been to her home once within the past year, and then there was a dance in progress—one of the kind where the music is a banjo and a fiddle; where, if there are not enough chairs, the girls sit on the fellows' knees. Nobody ever thought anything of it, for frankness and simplicity are the dominant characteristics of these people.

Time and again he had longed to go back but his nerve had failed him. But finally on one sunny Sunday morning in this April he had got up early, saddled his horse and started out before breakfast, diked out in his "Sunday-go-to-meetin' suit." He had to get an early start for the streams were so swollen from the recent rains that he would have to go a circuitous route. His spirits were high when he set off, and he felt that he would make quite a lasting impression on the fair Sallie in his tight, rather short trousers and still shorter coat, and red necktie.

About five o'clock that afternoon he came up into the yard, his clothes damp from a shower and his spirits also, as is the distressing way when one's disposition insists on agreeing with the weather. The "old man" came out and, after the customary greeting, they took the horse to the barn. John was growing more and more embarrassed when he was ushered into the spacious parlor. On one side of the room was an old bureau, covered with old pewter and well-mended china. Mock oranges and conch-shells decorated the crude mantelpiece. The fireplace was huge. Big, handwrought andirons with a design of holes stood well out upon the whitewashed hearth. Sallie was standing by the window when they came in.

"Howdy, Sallie."

"Howdy, John."

There was a slight pause, then Sallie said, "Wus you in the shower?"

"Yas, I was comin' down yan mountain-side when it begun ter rain."

"Have a seat," said Sallie.

John sat down over by the fireplace and Sallie took a chair on the opposite side. Mr Huskey, murmuring something about seeing to the horses being fed, left the room.

Sallie sat interlacing her fingers. "Seems like you got sorter wet," she mused.

"Yas, jes' sorter," returned the frightened John.

Another painful five minutes passed slowly. John giggled. Sallie did too.

"Whut yer laughin' at, John?"

"Er—er—jes' caus' I'm so plum devilish," he answered, as he pulled his chair about six inches nearer to her and also nearer the fireplace. In his embarrassment, he put his hand behind him and, in playing with the andiron, got his forefinger caught in one of the holes. Try hard as he might he could not get it loose. He fidgeted and twisted, squirmed and wriggled, when she wasn't looking, but all to no avail. His heart was in his mouth. How he did wish he never could or would see another woman as long as he lived!

Just then her father came in to announce supper. John had had no breakfast or dinner, so he was weak from hunger. He could smell the savory sausage and the fried ham and eggs. But the only thing he could do in order to keep them from finding out about his finger was to say, "I don' b'lieve I kear fer no supper."

It took right much effort—insist as they might he would not go, and a sigh of relief escaped his lips when they left the room. He gave his finger a jerk and got it loose, though he left a fair part of the skin on the andiron. Wrapping his handkerchief around it, he started around the house to the back shed to get some water to wash it in. There was a row of buckets on the top shelf. Forgetting his sore finger for the minute he reached up with both hands for one of the buckets. The minute his sore finger was touched he jerked his hand back, but alas! he had unbalanced the bucket and it overturned, spilling its contents—buttermilk!—all over the front of that Sunday-go-to-meetin' suit, and landed on the floor with a crash. John turned in a hurry and ran around the house before anybody came to see about the noise. When old man Huskey came to the door to tell him to come in by the fire he had just kindled, John turned his back toward the old man and kept on mopping the buttermilk off as best he could.

"It's gittin' kinder cold so I've built ye a little fiah in yander. Wont' ye come in?"

"Er-er—wal, no, I guess er—I feel a leetle sick, an' I guess I'd better be gittin' 'long towards hum," stammered John.

"Nuthin' uv the sort! If ye're sick, ye ain't able ter ride no sich long ways. Cum 'long and git ter bed."

"I reckon I had better go. My work's all ter do in the mawnin'."

"John, cum right along ter bed and stop this foolishness."

There was no evading the old man or his meant-to-be kindness. He led the way and John followed, managing by constant shifting around to keep his back to Mr. Huskey.

John went to bed, but for a long time sleep did not come—not until he had gone over and over his experiences until he was utterly worn out and from the weariness and weakness from hunger he finally fell asleep.

About midnight he awoke and felt the cold night air pouring in through a broken pane in the window at his head. Half asleep he reached for his trousers and stuffed them in the hole. But alas! there was a goat on this place and like all other goats he had no consideration for trousers. When John was awakened, near five o'clock, from being cold, he got up to investigate. Lo and behold! his trousers were dangling out the window, suspended by his suspenders hung on a tack in the window, and this unscrupulous goat had demolished one trousers' leg nearly to the knee, and had started on the other. Never was mortal man so dismayed! The only thing left for him to do was to sneak off home before anyone was up—and he did. A direful (and a cold) figure he was as he rode along, and quite a different looking one from the John of the day before.

It actually took him five years to recover sufficiently from this embarrassment and go back again to explain his unexplained leave-taking. When he did he was twenty-four and she was twenty-two. They were both changed—and—well, there would be a different story to tell.

—*Ethel Pedigo.*

Psychology of the Working Classes



SCIENTISTS have proved with the assistance of the ages, that the moving theme of life is evolution, through consecutive stages, and that the theory of life through successive vibrations must result in the survival of the fittest. Accepting this basis for sake of argument I want to go a little deeper and connecting the vibrations of inheritance with other waves of inherited tendencies show the result in the generations yet to come. Life never stands still. Neither can we say it does not proceed or progress, and between the two is a vast difference. The end is the same materially when we enter Death, but of the question beyond this closed door this argument has no issue—unless it be suggested by certain mentalities arising through the chaos that the question of reincarnation plays not a little part.

Some years ago it was my great fortune to investigate the woman and child labor question under government direction. Of the results so far as the Government is concerned it is not my province to give any account, but as a student of psychology and as one interested in the advancement of New Thought in all its branches, I gathered for myself certain views entirely my own of which the Government has no need. Entering the homes of the working classes, questioning their intimate and personal matters, the one most peculiar trait that stood forth is the universal law of the Brotherhood of Man. The linking together of the common everyday life, the neighborly feeling, and the great vibrations of cheerfulness brought home a consciousness that civilization, refinement, and education have opened the way for greater sorrows and greater selfishness. Not one home did I enter but in their pitifully small way they wanted to give me of their stores. The emigrant enters our ports and in time makes his progress in earning some livelihood and the idea of thrift is

embodied and enlarged upon until the pennies have grown into the dollars and one more comes over to join the family living in our midst. One by one they gather in this country—sometimes a father comes alone—sometimes a daughter—often it is the brother who sends back of his pittance to bring the sister, and of this family tie, and love, and protection the truth is wonderful. The guidance and jealous care of the female is the work of the male. It is he who makes most progress, most quickly learns our language because he needs it most in his encounter with the business world while the female works at home. Most factories have what is termed “home finishers.” The patient woman who sits at home and stitches and stitches scarcely daring to lift her eyes lest one stitch less be made in the day’s labor when every stitch counts just that much more in the week’s earnings.

Naturally there are many “classes” or vibrations of the foreign element even of the same nationality. It was my profit to attend the May meeting of the Labor Union at Germania Hall in Rochester. I went with one of our Government workers, a Russian Jew of most advanced free thought, an emigrant who landed at Ellis Island when only one year old, but who had worked and taught himself and was able to converse in seven different languages. Was he a re-incarnation or an example of aptitude? Germania Hall was crowded with all conditions of foreigners, the confusion of language made a Tower of Babel lifting its head through the ruins of tobacco smoke. The band played and the leaders discoursed, and the little children played in and out in all that din. I am sure I was the only uncertain element in that crowd.

The poverty of their material lives—and I am not confining myself to the Italian neighborhoods, for I went in and out among the various nations employed in the factories—is a source of deep reflection when we consider how more than necessary it is that even the little children are put to work to bring into the family exchequer the few dimes that increase the monthly fund, so necessary that parents will lie to conceal the ages from the inspectors, since Child Labor Law has become a factor in most states.

In some instances children are better for employment, and I know I am bringing down extreme judgment by this statement, but the money is absolutely necessary, and when we see the head of the family bringing in his untouched envelope and giving every penny to the wife for the support of that family we do not stop to consider whether it is any business of ours how the poor help themselves to live and meet the demands of life. The children educate themselves at the best, for being mimetic they easily push along and gain a certain knowledge sufficient to meet business usages, and if they faint by the wayside does not the question of inherited disease, from both parents perhaps, cause the physical inability as much as the hard labor? The very brightest little chap of 14 I met as a bootblack in New York City. He talked English well, was healthy and rosy and his eyes sparkled. He had worked his way from Italy to France, to Brazil, and to New York. Think of that for 14. Why we gave him our nickels simply to hear him talk and see him smile, and for the very magnetism of his life—besides he was an artist in his line: the very embodiment of every degree of life.

Among the cottagers of Paterson I found Mrs. Wiggs, and I made many excuses to call upon her for she was a tonic. Of the Scotch-Irish descent, I found her a great source of superstition and a verifier of dreams. Savants tell us the proper study of mankind is Man, and I am constantly questioning and trying to connect the Brotherhood of Man. That some have already "arrived," that some are striving for the goal, while others, making no efforts at all, seem to have achieved their purposes. Tracing our ancestry to the first known parents, we cannot any of us assume anything beyond, but we, in this generation, hold our skirts aside and look askance upon our sisters and brothers for the simple reason that they have not accepted life on the same basis as ourselves. We began together but we have changed our course and the circles have widened. Is the result because of some physical inheritance or some psychic interruption at the time of birth. The clay in the potter's hands may have been warped in the making but the elixir

of life that fills these molds comes from the same unfailing source. We mar the material life by our own misconceptions.

I wish it were possible to give a detailed account of my wanderings among the homes of these factory workers. I would like to make you acquainted with some of the more intimate cases, the peculiarities, the perfect freedom of lives unbiased by the neighbor's criticism, because the neighbor is the brother. There were distressing scenes of poverty, of the lowest grade of civilization, but scarcely was there a home, even though that home be but one room and the family large, but there were some pitiful attempt at garniture that gave some token of interest and love. Everywhere was the spirit of cheerfulness if rightly touched.

This would be a very monotonous world if human nature were the same, but when we undertake to arrange the lives of others and mold them to our own conceptions, trouble begins. I am not one to preach that the sense of dissatisfaction is a step towards progress and an awakening of enlightenment.

It is with cheerfulness that we work our best results, and the laughing eyes of keen enjoyment find the positive source of all well being, while the consciousness within is working as from the beginning for the fulfillment of the law—and the survival of the fittest.

What I want to say to the seekers of the way of life along New Thought lines is this: Accept the incontrovertible theory of vibrations, the unfolding of your own magnetic forces, and then find pleasure and profit in all life around you. The results to one's self of character building, the deeper understanding of the meaning of life will widen unconsciously so far as material knowledge is concerned—and as we stand amid the eternal ways "Our own will come to us."

Live your thoughts and do not talk them, unless you are among your kind, for the silent force of thought is the most wonderful thing in the world.

—Margaret V. McCabe, '96.

What Happened to the Squirrel Family



R. and Mrs. Squirrel and the little squirrels lived in a big hollow tree 'way out in the woods. Their front door opened right on the ground, which was very nice indeed, as the roots of the tree made the prettiest little porch where Mrs. Squirrel could sit with the children.

One morning Mr. Squirrel said to Mrs. Squirrel: "I believe I'll go and see how Mr. Owl is. He's been quite sick for the last few days."

"Yes, indeed! I certainly would," said Mrs. Squirrel.

So Mr. Squirrel put on his hat, took his cane and started off. Mrs. Squirrel sat on the porch a few minutes with the children after he'd gone. All of a sudden she looked up and saw that the sky had become very black and that the wind was beginning to blow.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Squirrel, "I believe there's going to be a storm. We'd better be going in. I do hope Mr. Squirrel won't get wet."

So Mrs. Squirrel and the children went inside and shut the door and then pulled down all the windows.

The rain came down hard for a while, then stopped all at once. Mrs. Squirrel thought she'd go out and see if Mr. Squirrel was coming. But when she tried to open the door it would not open! She ran to the window and looked out, and what do you suppose had happened? The wind had blown a great big broken branch right in front of the door!

Mrs. Squirrel sat down and began to cry. "What shall I do? Mr. Squirrel can't get in and I can't get out. Boo hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo!"

Then the little Squirrels saw her crying, and they began to cry too.

Now when Mr. Squirrel had started off to Mr. Owl's, he hadn't gone very far when he noticed that big black cloud.

"That looks like a bad storm," said Mr. Squirrel to himself. "I think I'll stop at Mr. Sparrow's until it's over."

So he went to Mr. Sparrow's and knocked, and Mr. Sparrow was very glad to see him.

As soon as the storm was over, Mr. Squirrel hurried home instead of going to Mr. Owl's as he was afraid Mrs. Squirrel might be worried. And then, when he got there, he found that great big branch right in front of his door! He heard Mrs. Squirrel crying, and called to her not to be frightened, as he'd get it away somehow. Mr. Squirrel pulled and pulled, but he was so small, and it was such a big branch, that he couldn't pull it away. Just then Mr. Rabbit walked up.

"What's the matter, Mr. Squirrel?"

"Oh, Mr. Rabbit!" said Mr. Squirrel, "this branch has fallen right in front of my door, and I can't get it away."

"Why, I'll help you," said Mr. Rabbit.

So Mr. Squirrel pulled, and Mr. Rabbit pulled, and they pulled, and pulled, and pulled, but they couldn't get that branch away.

"What's the matter?" said a voice behind them, and there stood Mr. Coon.

"Oh, Mr. Coon!" said Mr. Rabbit, "this branch has fallen right in front of Mr. Squirrel's door, and we can't get it away."

Well, I'll help you," said Mr. Coon.

So Mr. Squirrel pulled, and Mr. Rabbit pulled, and Mr. Coon pulled, and they pulled, and pulled, and pulled, but they couldn't get that branch away.

"Dear me, what's the trouble?" They turned around and there stood Mr. 'Possum.

"Oh, Mr. 'Possum!" said Mr. Coon, "this branch has fallen right in front of Mr. Squirrel's door and we can't get it away."

"I'll help too," said Mr. 'Possum.

So Mr. Squirrel pulled, and Mr. Rabbit pulled, and Mr. Coon pulled, and Mr. 'Possum pulled, and they pulled, and pulled, and pulled so hard that the branch gave way, but it knocked them all over backward. Well, Mr. Squir-

rel picked himself up, and Mr. Rabbit picked himself up, Mr. Coon picked himself up, but Mr. 'Possum was so fat he couldn't get up. The others stood around and laughed at him; then they all helped him up.

Mr. Squirrel invited them all into the house, and Mrs. Squirrel gave them the best nut-pudding with chestnut sauce that they had ever eaten. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and the little Squirrels thanked Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Coon and Mr. 'Possum again and again for helping to move the branch; and when their visitors left the entire Squirrel family stood on the porch to wave good-bye to them.

—*Julia Johnson*, '10.

(Reprinted from *St. Nicholas*.)

The Vale of Winona

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

In the highlands of Virginia
Where the mountains blend together,
Blend in tones of forest colors,
Brown and golden, green and crimson;
Where the meadows, little valleys,
Sparkle, filled with dew-drenched flowers;
As the sun in burnished splendor
Takes his pathway in the heavens;
Where the ever-murmuring brooklet
Babbles o'er its moss-bound pebbles,
In a bed of tangled rushes,
Ferns, and wild stars, weeping willows—
There the woods are never silent,
Sweetest notes of forest music,
Echo through the glades and thickets;
Wild birds, gay in brilliant plumage,
Play among the tangled branches,
Breaking now and then the stillness
With stray notes of wild free singing.
Till the very forest echoes,
And the hills beyond re-echo,
Loveliest of these woodland beauties,
Found untrampled, unmolested,
Hidden from the eyes of many,
There within the sombre great wood,
Like oasis in a desert,
Far more lovely than all places,
Lies the vale, vale of Winona.
Here 'tis said in olden legend:—
An Indian maid, the fair Winona,
With her brave did keep her trysting,
While the summer sun was sinking,
Sending soft lights o'er the mountains,
And the evening sunset glowing

Made the grass to lie in shadows,
Till the veil of night dim-falling,
Dropped o'er all a twilight grayness;
There within the vale they lingered,
Listening to the murmuring voices
Of the night, the brooklet's babbling,
Till the moon in all its splendor
Rose full in the distant heavens,
Sweet the vows they softly plighted.

Many moons have passed and autumn
Shed her varied, tinted mantles,
Leaving bare and bleak the forest,
Leaving drear and dark the woodland,
Still she waits, the maid Winona—
Till the thrush has ceased her singing,
Till the great wind faintly moaning
Sweeps the dismal, lonely mountain.
Winter dies, and springtime budding
Lingers in the lap of winter.
Yet he comes not, her brave warrior,
Lost among the fallen brave ones,
In the far fields, on the warpath.
Still she waits, the maid Winona
True her heart and faithful ever;
Oft when twilight veils the woodland,
When the dying sunset glowing
Sheds her last rays o'er the forest.
And the night with sombre stillness,
Spreads her mantle o'er all nature;
When the vale is wrapped in silence,
Can be seen a white-robed maiden,
Wandering, lone, the old-time pathway
Pale as moonlight are her features,
Sad her face, her steps uncertain,
Long she's walked, yet never faltered;
When the moon shines in the heavens,
Shedding soft light o'er the woodland,
Shedding beams of silvery brightness,

Then she glides from out our vision—
Till her form is lost in moonlight,
Lost among the wavering shadows.
Dull the night without her presence—
Winona, flower of moonlit woodlands.

—*Elizabeth Hart*, '12.

An Illustration of the Social Value of Games



OME ONE has said, "The sinner of today is the sinned against of yesterday." If you want to see how much truth is in the expression, spend a few months in a slum or in a little town where streets are hedged about with bar-rooms and gambling-hells. The latter was my privilege some years ago. I found myself assistant principal and teacher of Nature Study in a graded school on our Chesapeake coast.

Some of the girls said to me one day, "We'd love to have a party but we haven't anywhere to have it." That started me thinking. Those girls and boys needed amusement and if they didn't get it under proper chaperonage they would not be to blame if evil consequences came. I talked to the Chairman of the Board, who was a splendid worker, and we decided to use the school as a social center and let the children have their little entertainments in a large room in the basement of the building. The grades entertained each other. The eighth grade would entertain the seventh one Friday and after a few weeks the seventh would "return the turkey." When refreshments were to be served a committee was appointed from the grade to collect the money, buy the needed articles and see that everything was nicely served. The school board furnished the china necessary for our use. Other committees attended to the decoration and arrangement of the room.

On Friday evenings, when no special grade was using the basement, the pupils met and played games. We taught them folk dances and social games. The bashful boy was not allowed to stand in a corner a silent observer; he was drawn into the games, and a number of them became very courtly in manner.

I think this Friday night work helped me more in my work with the children than all the hours I spent in the class-room. As I would go from room to room on Friday afternoon the question would be asked on all sides, "Are we going to have games tonight?" and even when my nerves and muscles were aching from fatigue, I seldom had the heart to say "No."

For teaching children good manners and regard for the feelings of others, I know no better way than properly supervised games. The school basketball or baseball team that goes out and wins glory for the school is all right in its place but the wee little tot, the delicate girl, the slightly deformed girl should have a part in the amusements of the school or community and more good will come out of the school in which every child takes part in the games than out of the school that puts all of its good players on one or two teams to be sent out to conquer. The great mass of pupils can not play on the teams and they develop into rooters who very often are our rowdies in embryo. But when such games are played as all can take part in the playing improves the manners of all alike.

—*Ellen Lindsay*, '96.

How Johnny Went to Kindergarten



JOHNNY was late for breakfast. When mother had called to him and said, "It's time to get up," he just rolled over and said, "Um-m-m, I'll get up in a minute." And the first thing he knew, he was fast asleep again.

When he did wake up, it was almost breakfast time, for he could hear Mary putting the dishes on the table. Now Johnny could dress himself, only mother would button some of the hard buttons and brush his hair. This morning, however, because he had to hurry so much, everything went wrong. His shoes wouldn't be laced up. He put his bloomers on with the back in the front, and as he was changing them, the bell rang, and he could hear father and mother and sister Peggy going in to breakfast. Mother couldn't leave the table to come up and brush his hair, so Mary had to do it. She didn't do it as gently and softly as mother did, which made him very cross and he slapped her as he ran down stairs.

When Johnny reached the table, he found father had gone, and he hadn't kissed him good-bye! Sister Peggy had finished too, and was getting her books ready for school, and mother was getting up.

"Johnny," she said, "you're so late you'll have to eat by yourself. I'm sorry you didn't get up when I called you."

Johnny didn't like that a bit, so he sat down feeling very cross with everybody. His oatmeal was cold, and his toast was cold too. Everything had gotten cold while he was dressing.

"Hurry up," called mother, "you'll be late for kindergarten."

Now Johnny had never been late for kindergarten a single morning, though a good many of the others had. Suppose he should be late, and have to sit outside of the circle?

Mother buttoned up his coat, which he had learned to put on by himself, and kissed him good-bye. He ran most of the way, holding an apple in one hand and a fine new top in the other. When he reached the school he hung up his coat and hat as quickly as he could, and opened the kindergarten door. The first thing he heard was the children singing "Good-morning to You," and he knew he was late. So instead of sitting in the circle that morning he had to sit outside, and for the very first time. They sang the Caterpillar song too, and Johnny did so wish he was in the circle, for then Miss Arnold might choose him to be a caterpillar.

"I'm never going to be late again," thought Johnny to himself.

The next morning Johnny woke up very early, even before the cook came, or mother was up, and he remembered what he had said. He wasn't going to be late this morning, so he jumped up and started to dress. But his clean suit was in mother's room, and he knew that if he went in there to get it he would wake her up. Neither could he wash his face and hands, for there was no one to turn the water on for him in the bath room, and he couldn't reach it. He couldn't play with his toys in the nursery, for there he would awaken sister Peggy. So there was nothing to do but sit in his little chair and wait, and wait and wait, for although he was tired and sleepy he didn't want to go back to bed now that he had gotten up.

After a while, though, mother woke up, and soon he was entirely dressed. He ran down stairs for breakfast, but cook was just beginning to cook it!

"Why, cook," he exclaimed, "isn't it breakfast time?"

But she said it would be half an hour before breakfast was ready, and that to him seemed a long time to wait, for he was very hungry. Then he worried cook so much by asking if breakfast was ready, every minute or two, that she wished he hadn't come into the kitchen at all.

When mother came down he said, "Mother, can't I have some breakfast now. I want to go to kindergarten early?"

"Why, dear," said mother, "breakfast isn't cooked yet, but you may have some bread and milk."

So she gave him that, and Johnny sat down to eat it by himself. He liked bread and milk, but as he ate it he thought that oatmeal and milk tasted better, especially when eaten with father and mother. He had asked for bread and milk, however, so he had to eat it.

"Mother," he said, when he finished, "may I go to kindergarten now?"

"Isn't it too soon?" asked mother in surprise. "Kindergarten doesn't begin until nine and the clock says it is just eight, a whole hour before the time."

"But I want to go," said Johnny. "Please let me, mother."

So mother said he might this one time, so he ran for his coat and hat. Father was just coming down stairs, and Johnny didn't even wait to kiss him good-bye, he was so eager to be off.

He stopped by for Jack, but Jack was just eating his breakfast so Johnny had to go on by himself. When he reached the school he saw no one, and found even the outside door was still locked. There was no one to unlock it for him, so he had to sit down on the steps and wait, and oh, it was such a long, long time! He felt chilly, too, sitting there on the stone step, but it's no fun to run around by oneself. So there he sat, and wished he were at home, eating breakfast with them all. He began to feel sleepy, and was almost ready to cry when he saw Miss Arnold coming. He ran to meet her, and when she saw him, she said, "Why, Johnny, what made you come so soon?"

"I didn't want to sit on the bench outside the circle," he answered.

"Of course you didn't," said Miss Arnold, "and I'm glad you're on time this morning, but you need not have come so soon."

Johnny wished he hadn't too, for when the other children came he felt as if he had been there so long it was time to go home, and he was tired and sleepy too.

That night, too, he felt so very sleepy that he went to bed before mother told him to, which he didn't do very

often. He slept so soundly that the tired feeling had to run away, and the next morning, when mother called, "Johnny, Johnny, it's time to get up," he jumped right up, and felt so wide awake. He started dressing right away, and everything seemed to go on so easily. His shoes just almost laced themselves up, and when he was ready to wash his face and hands there was the water waiting, for mother had turned it on for him. When he finished she was ready to brush his hair. As he hung up his pajamas the breakfast bell rang, and down he went on father's shoulder. Mother and sister Peggy were in the living room, and they all went in to breakfast together. His oatmeal and milk was so warm and so good, and mother gave him a piece of her hot muffin. It was so much nicer eating with them all, than by himself.

When he started for kindergarten, after kissing father and mother good-bye, the first person he saw was Jack, coming down his steps. That was fine, for they could go to kindergarten together. When they reached kindergarten the door stood wide open, so in they ran, and hung up their hats and coats. Then they went into their room, and helped the other children to water the flowers and make the circle until the clock said "Nine o'clock, time to start work." And this morning Miss Arnold chose Johnny to be a caterpillar

—*Julia Johnson*, '10.

(Reprinted from *The Kindergarten Magazine*)

Interdependence

In their orbits midst the silence gliding,
 Never swerving from the unseen way,
Moved the stars in ages past forever,
 Move they still as calmly on today.

Yet, tho' each alone the pathway travels
 Midst the long dark reaches of the sky,
Felt thru' each the slightest faint earth tremor,
 Felt and echoed in infinity!

For the mighty law that holds and binds them
 Makes them move forever as alone,
Governs far beyond the starlit regions,
 Past the depths that man has never known.

So never life that could be lived unheeding
Other lives if far or near they be:
Man has his path, but should he stumble, falter,
 Felt is that tremor thru' eternity.

—*Fannie T. Littleton Kline, '89.*

Public School Teachers the Fundamental Builders of Reform



HERE are times in the experience of each one here when the roseate hues predominate, when life is as full of meaning as this morning was of song-birds and sunshine; when each vocation stands at her open doorway, displaying to eyes bright with the light of hope a shining vista of glorious possibilities. At such a time, you young, ambitious, clever women have gone the way that teaching leads.

And why, may I ask, did this vocation above all the others now open to you, win you for her own? She knows no siren song; she is a stranger in that "country ideal" where no pain with its great purpose comes and work is not necessary for the saving of its women. It could not have been to "get money in your purse" or because her ways are ways of pleasantness. Why did you leave the eminence you might have gained by following the other professions, or the brilliant careers in the field of literature, or the much coveted fortunes in the winning world of finance? Why, I say, did you turn in here?

We each have our reasons for being educators, and whether these be alike or different, which is pleasant and interesting to note, it comes about that from among the other professions, we have chosen, from a humane standpoint, the greatest of them, since we take upon our shoulders the entire elementary and fundamental building of them all. In taking our yearly inventory of ourselves, have we truly estimated our real value and great importance not only to the other professions but to all conditions and callings, to all sorts and classes of men? Do we realize that with us from the kindergarten to the high school, but more especially through the primary grades and grammar grades, rests the making of the nations in

far greater porportion than with any other organized body of workers the world has in the field today? Your influence for good may easily be pitted against that of home and church and state combined, and again, why?

You have the child from his infancy through the formative period of his life five days out of seven in his waking, working, thinking, vital hours. Your school room is in reality that utopia of which Socialism dreams, for nowhere else in the universe is class distinction so completely obliterated and common cause so pronounced. You have for hours and days and months and years before you to mould at your will, a gathering that no church and no civic order for the last 1900 years have been able to get together—then it is not difficult to see that by your very position you have great advantages over the vast body of reformers of our modern times.

The revolutionizing of conscience along every line of thought and action which is bringing about a state of upheaval in all phases and walks of life must and does bear with it potent and far-reaching results. Just how much of this coming reform is due to the public school system cannot be estimated; to my mind most of it, but let me assure you that in the intensely interesting drama henceforth to be enacted, you bear the leading part. In this great, shall I say evolutionary instead of revolutionary. time the hope of the family, the church and the nation lay in the proper education of the masses.

In answer to the question "Why have we fallen?" Ali Kemal, the Turk, says, "With our enemies, common school education is universal." With us it is not. We find here the reason of our defeat. The nation that so trains the units of its people possesses great strength. When the lowest of its agricultural class has acquired the elements of mental and moral education, and shares a national aspiration, what a pledge is thus furnished for individual and national progress. "After the Napoleonic wars common school education was made obligatory in Prussia, with what ultimate results we all know."

In the forefront of all "rural problems, is the task of bringing the best educational guidance to the isolated

mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, the Virginias, and the Carolinas, declares Mr. John F. Smith, of the Berea Normal department, who recently made a survey in the mountain counties for the National Bureau of Education. "The mountaineers do not need someone to build churches, they do not need to have money turned into their county coffers from some external source, but they do need to have some force at work to give them a different point of view." Take the boys and girls who will build the homes of tomorrow, put them in an institution where their horizon will be broadened, and where they may watch a vision of better times, and the problem is solved.

Are you equal to the occasion? I believe that you are, and three things have made you so: Some necessity in your tender years taught you the great lesson of self sacrifice, some condition or experience taught you the still greater lesson of unselfishness, some inherited strength of will forced you to apply these practically, and in the same mystical way that a handful of broken roots, mixed with obnoxious black dirt, a little rain and sunshine gives to this May Day the exquisite shades and shapes and rare perfume of the flowers, you came from your Alma Mater a public school teacher, not for yourself alone, your family or your caste, but for all humanity to "bud and bloom." This being true will you give to your world of young human things any other than the hope that is in you?

You have been fitted for your life work in these great schools where the necessary influences are yours, the only institutions where the spirit and training is purely one of service, where the Protestant and non-Protestant, the Jew and the Gentile, the thinker and hoper from every walk of life make your sisterhood and brotherhood—the public schools and normal institutions of your state.

Can the teacher brought up in different environments, under different influences and in exclusive institutions ever hope to compete with you in the education of the masses?

Some time back I went down in our Alumni record as bitterly opposing the movement made for a university for women in Virginia. I saw in its fulfilment the serious

crippling of this wonderful and far-reaching good and appealed to our Lynchburg Chapter to stand instead for Normal School extension, by which I mean the perfecting of our Normal plan now in its incipiency and in every possible way the broadening of its scope for educational training. Let us endeavor to keep Virginia school appropriations where they will do the most good to the greatest number, where it will go to make barren places blossom like a rose, not to add its leaflet to that special tree of knowledge, higher education, while a world of ignorance waits outside in the shape of country school terms of a few short months, school buildings beneath the dignity of barns, and teachers paid less than the cooks in the houses where they board. These conditions must be rectified before we ask for a university. Not only as teachers, but as her Alumni, we can do much in helping our State right herself. We have already lent able assistance by adopting the scholarship plan which, as we all know, is our memorial tribute to John A. Cunningham, who not by his death so much as by his noble life and example gave it being. This plan of working for and presenting a Normal scholarship to a deserving sister is now being adopted not only by different chapters of our Alumni, but by such clubs and organizations as are keenly alive to the importance and benefit of this education to the causes they champion. Many other organizations are ready for the asking to take up the work. We must let no opportunity pass without presenting the cause.

We have in the fall, the Educational Convention and State County Fair exhibit at Lynchburg. It will be the part of our chapter to take the initiative in making the occasion one not only of much pleasure to the visiting Alumnae, but of telling influences for this our special work. We may present the matter to the different educational committees, civic organizations and clubs in such convincing measures that in a few years the Normal Scholarship fund will belong to the budget of all Social, historic and civil organizations in this and every state. So shines one teacher's fluence in the great educational world he so ably helped to advance.

Lucy Boswell Montague, '89.

Sketches

"CONTENTS"

There was a rustle of silken skirts and a delicate fragrance of violets as she came into the lost property office of the street car station.

"I came," she said sweetly, "to make inquiries about a small hand-bag I feel quite sure I left in the Highland car about an hour ago. I was very careless to leave the bag behind me. It is a small hand-bag, not more than seven or eight inches long, and perhaps five or six inches wide. Indeed, one could hardly call it a bag. It is of stamped brown Russian leather, and—has such a bag been left here since 2 o'clock?"

"No, madam; no hand-bag of any kind has been left here this afternoon."

"Do you think it is likely to be left here?"

"It may, and it may not. If it were still in the car when the cleaners went through they should bring it here sometime this afternoon; but it is possible that someone picked it up and kept it. You are sure you left it there?"

"Oh, yes, quite sure! I remember distinctly that I opened it to look at some samples of ratine banding. If I leave my card and a description of the contents, to prove that it really belongs to me, will you notify me if it comes in at any time?"

"I will, madam. What is the name and address?"

"Here is my card. Now as to the contents of the bag. As I said, it was very much smaller than the ordinary hand-bags and it had in it—let me see if I can remember. I know that I can name enough things to prove the bag is mine. It had some Irish lace edging—three yards of the inch-wide, and two yards of torchon lace insertion and two yards of quite narrow ecru lace and a yard and a quarter of pink chiffon and a yard of Bulgarian silk to pipe a ratine dress and two yards of black satin ribbon, brocaded with red velvet flowers, and a yard of quite wide grosgrain ribbon

with Dresden figures in it that I got at a ribbon sale, and some narrow pink velvet ribbon, for a stock, and two small steel buckles, and six lace medallions—I suppose you know what they are?—and a package of hair pins, and a pair of gray Dent's kids, entirely new, and a pair of white kid gloves I was going to take to the cleaner but forgot them—and a spool of gray silk and a card of hooks and eyes, and a pair of rubber dress-shields and six little doilies, slightly soiled—I bought them at a reduced price on that account—and an envelope full of Standard patterns and a box of assorted pins and a small wing to put on an old hat that I am trimming myself, and two yards of white elastic and a small china pin-tray that I got at another sale and three yards of navy-blue chiffon veiling, and a small sterling coin and vanity case combined, with a long chain attached, and a very, very handsome damask towel with the initial "F" embroidered in the corner and a card of pearl buttons and a shirt-waist set and a pair of lovely blue silk hose—ladies'—and—let me see, is that all? I suppose I have mentioned enough things to identify the bag, even if there are some things in it I have not mentioned?"

"You have, madam."

"Yes, I suppose so. Then if you will notify me—I almost forget to tell you my 'phone number is 3256J—and I will call or send—oh, I remember, there was a bottle of Hudnut's toilet water in the bag and a pound of burnt almonds. Funny I forgot them, for I am so fond of almonds. As I say, it is a small brown Russian leather bag, and I remember now that it also had a pair of embroidery scissors in it, and six pairs of white shoe laces—ladies'—and a silver-handled glove buttoner. I wasn't really shopping, and I think that was all."

And when she reached the door she turned and added: "I am not *sure*, but I think there was also a small vial of lavender and a small bottle of camphor tablets. I always carry the tablets to take if I feel that I am catching cold. They quite stop it if taken in time."

The door closed and she was gone.

—*Mertie E. McDonald*, '11.

THE FIRST DAY

The moment was tense. The bell had just rung, and now there were forty-two bright little faces peeping over the shining tops of the desks, forty-two pairs of eyes all fixed on the little teacher standing before them.

There was nothing at all unusual about the situation, yet, in Miss Ruth's mind, it was all so different from what she had imagined her first day would be. Her tongue seemed to cleave to her mouth. She could not speak. She could not move. She could only look. She tried to recall all that Dr. Stone and her supervisor had told her about the "first day," also what she had planned, but it was useless. She could only stand and stare as though in a trance.

When it began to be almost unbearable to her, a little boy on the front seat was seen to lift his hand and say, "Miss, I have got you a great big caterpillar, he sure is a beauty."

—G. A. H., '11.



The editorials of a school magazine is not, are many of us think, something for the editor to write and to read too. They have a higher mission. They should be the forum of the school life—voicing the sentiment of the school with regard to certain matters or calling attention to something that needs to be done. They should be so written that as soon as a student gets his magazine he turns to the editorials to see what topic of general interest is discussed.

But of course students are not going to do this so long as many of the editorials are as they are now. They are not of interest to the student body, they are often short paragraphs on any topics, since the editor feels that he must write something—so why *should* they turn to them? For instance, one of our exchanges had an editorial on “Roosevelt on Historical Imagination.” It is an interesting article but hardly, we think, a subject for a college magazine editorial. Also several of them have editorials consisting of only one paragraph.

But in spite of the many failures in this department there are also many fine editorials in our exchanges for this month—editorials that must be of decided interest to the student body since they deal with matters that touch vitally the college life. And since this is the spring

time of the year and since we like to close up our work in the pleasantest way possible, we will not deal with the failures but tell of some really worthy of mention.

The State Normal Magazine has some unusually good editorials. One tells of the trouble caused in the library by the girls when they are careless about putting the books back where they belong. That trouble is not confined to the North Carolina Normal School and our girls might save the librarian endless trouble by profiting by it. Then another deals with the material sent in to the magazine which is not used. That surely is a fine idea for it is "a dangerous thing to discourage budding genius." We know from experience that much material is sent in to the editors which, though it is not used, is well deserving of praise and thanks. We like your plan of thanking those contributors through your editorials and we congratulate the editor on the use he makes of his department.

The Student has an editorial which tells of the need for an Alumni Association. There is need for every school to have an Alumni Association and if more of us could realize this fact the schools and school spirit would be better all over the country. That the editor realized this and urged, in his editorial, the beginning or rather "reorganization" of such an association when all could meet "to pay honor to old Portsmouth High School," shows that he has the right idea as to the value of editorials.

The Record.—We should like to ask the editor if he would like for his editorials to be used as an example, i. e., if he would like for them to be set up before any high school as ideal. If not, then why write such ones as were written for the April number of his magazine. To use a slang expression comparable to many he used, "there is nothing to them." If he has voiced the sentiment of the student body, then its condition is pitiable. We do not, by any means, get the gist of what he is trying to say. It is a succession of slang expressions and a constant flow of broken and disconnected sentences without any meaning whatever. The editor asks, "Who wants to read editorials,

anyhow, when the scentless scent of spring peremptorily summons one from rational pursuits to join the band of Nature worshippers?" If we understand the editor correctly, he, presumably, does not think that editorials are of any importance in the spring, and that because *many* do not read them at all, it is not worth one's time to write *good* editorials. If the majority of students do not read the editorials of a magazine, the majority of the few that *do* read them have a keener sense of appreciation for them than others, therefore why not make them worth the reader's time to read them in the spring as well as in the winter or make them *not* at all.

We are glad we are told at the last why such a "descent from the learnedly (?) theoretical to the frivolously trivial" was made, yet we should not encourage such descents. Our opinion is, it is better to travel on level ground, if there is no way possible to ascend, rather than descend at all. The editorials under criticism have fallen several feet, and perhaps in a severe critic's eye, in mathematical terms, many yards. We advise the editor to try to reach the level again and cling as close to it as possible until he sees an opportunity to climb higher, never venturing one single inch below, or the *Record* might never reach the standard which we have had just cause to think it once aspired to reach.

There is but very little to say about the editorials in the April number of *The East Tennessee Teacher* for the simple reason that they are so exceedingly short that one could say everything favorable about them in one sentence which is, they explain to us the reason for the lack of literary material in the magazine and impressed us with the fact that the school is interested in county organizations. The editor was careful to give us no cause to pass adverse criticism on his work. Perhaps he does not agree with us when we say that it would be far better to have longer editorials with a *few* faults rather than such extremely short ones that a blemish could in no way be thrust in. We think it advisable for the editor to think *longer* next time in order that he might give us the impression that he has been "up and doing" since last he wrote editorials.

THE FOCUS

VOL. III

FARMVILLE, VA., JUNE, 1913

No. 5

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

Editorial

Thrice welcome to Alma Mater! We greet you with joyful hearts. There is no use in saying, "Make **To the** yourselves at home," for *you are at* home. **Alumnae** May your coming be as great a pleasure for you as it is for us!

To the class who has just crossed the border-line into the realm of the Alumnae, we say that like all other classes that have passed and cannot be replaced, 1913 in our hearts is doubly so. But, though our sadness is great, we congratulate you, one and all, on having attained the end whereunto we are striving—we honor you for accomplishing your aims so nobly—and we rejoice with you in this, the rosy dawn of your broader and fuller life of beauty and service. As a farewell wish we say:

"We wish for you a life of gladness,
Full of joy and free from pain;
Full of mirth and free from sadness,
Bright as sunshine after rain."

What is it that makes it possible for a large number of people to live under one roof in harmony and peace? Why, consideration for the "other fellow" of course. It is really a divine spark in human beings and the nucleus of "every day life." "'Tis the mightiest in the mighty."

If everyone would live up to this motto what need would there be for rules and restrictions? Girls, look about you and see the absolute need for this consideration in your school life! It is the only thing that can make life a success, and cause you to be happy among so many people.

It seems to be a malady peculiar to school girls, to borrow something, and through thoughtlessness, fail to return it. Now your neighbor has just as much need for that thing as you have, if not more, and may be seriously inconvenienced by your lack of consideration.

Let us call attention to one particular phase of school life. Among so many people, the only possible chance for privacy is putting a "busy" sign on the door. And, would you believe it, it seems rather to be an incentive for some people to enter than a warning to stay out. If a girl is busy enough to write a sign to protect herself against interruption, others should have enough respect for her duties to refrain from entering a room when requested not to do so.

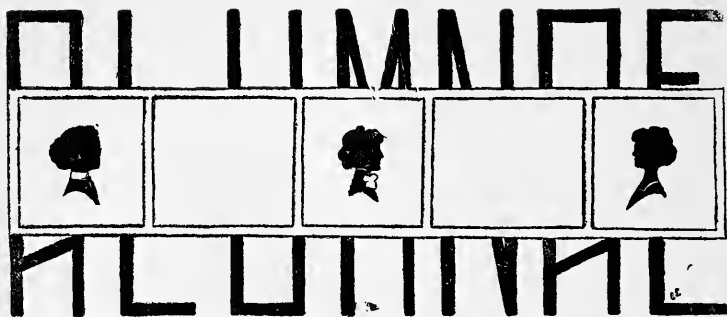
In every school there always seems to be an idle class of girls who sponge on other people's time. They never have anything to do, and seem to think other people can afford to be idle too. We venture to assert that other people lose a great deal of time being polite to "loafers." Girls, if you haven't anything to do, be sure your friend hasn't anything to do either.

Why is it that girls are addicted to screaming in the halls, nearly upsetting the equilibrium of everyone within hearing? If we considered our school mates and our teachers, we should remember to keep as quiet as possible both in and out of school hours.

Another feature of every day life that comes to our attention at this time, is the case of the old time "blues."

Some of our girls are subject to them, and to make matters worse, force their company on other people, thereby spreading the disease. How good we feel when we meet cheerful, optimistic people! Doesn't it seem to help you to work harder? Well, it's just our duty to maintain a cheerful attitude around our neighbors and very soon we'll find that everyone around us will be cheerful.

Let the motto be with you during your vacation, and come in the fall prepared to put it into practice.



Last year the Focus staff decided that in issuing each Alumnae Number of "The Focus," to write the histories of some of the classes who have gone out into the world from S.N.S. Because of the large number of Alumnae it was impossible to write to all, so we decided to write to the first graduating class, and to each class following at intervals of five years. In this way we heard from many members of the classes of '85, '90, '95, '00, '05 and '10. This year we wrote to each member of the classes of '86, '91, '96, '01, '06, and '11. The following interesting histories have come to us through these girls:

CLASS HISTORIES

June, 1886

Catherine Anderson lives at 1816 Grace Street, Lynchburg, Virginia, where she coaches scholars in Arithmetic.

Jean Carruthers (Mrs. Boatwright) lives in Lynchburg. She has two daughters here who will receive their diplomas this June.

Madeline Mapp (Mrs. G.T. Stockley) makes her home in Keller, Virginia. Since graduating she has attended the New England Conservatory of Music, and the summer school at Chautauqua, New York, and spent one summer abroad. She has also held positions at her Alma Mater,

at the Blackstone Institute, and at Randolph-Macon College at Lynchburg. This latter position she resigned in 1902 when she was married to Mr. Stockley. Since his death in 1906 she has devoted her life to the care of her parents and of her little son, now seven years old, with some outside duties in the way of church and town work.

Carrie Brightwell is now Mrs. Hopkins and lives at Bedford City, Virginia.

Celestia Parrish teaches in the State Normal School at Athens, Georgia.

Loula McKinney has a position at Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia.

Bessie Blanton (Mrs. Egbert R. Jones) is living at Holly Springs, Mississippi.

June, 1891

Mrs. Sadie J. Hardy is married again, to Mr. N. L. Claiborne, of Lawrenceville, Virginia. She has attended the Woman's College at Baltimore and taken a summer course at Harvard, and has taught at Buena Vista Female Seminary, Charles Kregloe, Public School in Roanoke, and was for five years Principal of the Training School Department of our school.

Lucy Irvine (Mrs. J. M. Irvine) taught in Staunton and in Augusta County until her marriage in 1904. Her time is taken up in keeping her home, and in Sunday school work.

Blanche Gilliam (Mrs. J. Putney) lives in Farmville. She has four daughters and three sons attending the Normal and Training Schools.

Corinne Vaughan (Mrs. J. E. Hoffman) lives at 357 Twelfth Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia. Before her marriage in 1897 she taught in the schools of Amherst and Nelson counties. Her life work is devoted to the care of her home and two children. She says, "The above statement sound dull and colorless but the actual experience is not."

Emma Montague died at Christiansburg in December, 1903.

February and June, 1896.

Ethelyn Jones (Mrs. Wiley J. Morris) is designer for the "Modern Priscilla" in Boston, Massachusetts. She taught for three years in Virginia, and attended the New York School of Illustrating and Harvard University School. Her marriage took place in 1899.

Jennie Phillips (Mrs. H. W. Elliot) lives at Hampton, Virginia, where she taught for six years before her marriage in 1902. "I have two children, a boy and a girl. We live on a farm and all of my time is taken up attending to home duties."

Maud Wicker is doing office work at Eastville, Virginia. She has held positions in South Carolina, Louisiana, and Virginia, and attended the University of Virginia Summer School, and the Normal and Industrial School at Rock Hill, South Carolina. She has done much settlement work in the mountain districts of Greene and Albemarle counties.

Bessie Lindsey teaches in Richmond schools. Her address is S. Third Street (300 block).

Bettie Curtis has a private school at Newport News. Her work has been very successful.

Elizabeth Vaughan lives at Chatham, Virginia. She has taught at Hot Springs, Rice, and Isle of Wight, and had two summers of work at Charlottesville. She was married in 1911 to Rev. D. S. Henkel, of the Christian Church.

Maebelle Welsh (Mrs. C. H. Rudd) has a lovely home near South Richmond. She has lived in Pennsylvania, Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia. She has several children and her life is devoted to housekeeping and their care.

Louise Morris died at Catawba a few years ago.

Robbie Berkley attended Peabody Conservatory of Music at Baltimore, and taught Music for several years in Farm-

ville. In 1906 she was married to Mr. W. C. Burnet and their home is at 124 Gwinnett Street E., Savannah, Georgia.

Jean Cameron has taught in Virginia and South Carolina and is now Principal of the High School at Moultrie, Georgia. She has had four summers' training at the University of Virginia, and has traveled in Canada and Europe.

Marguerite Carroll (Mrs. T. D. Cannon) lives at 5092 Kensington Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. She taught Science here for one year. She writes, "I have two children, Carroll Conway and Mary Marguerite, who with my housekeeping occupy most of my time."

Azile Davis has taught in Florida and Alabama since graduation, and attended Peabody Normal College at Nashville. She was married to Mr. B. B. Ford in 1907, and spent the same summer abroad. There are two children, both girls.

Mell Holland taught in Martinsville, Rice, and Winston-Salem before her marriage in January, 1913, to Dr. R. H. Jones, a dentist. Their home is at 643 Spruce Street, Winston-Salem.

Rosalie Bland and Mary Byrd Taylor have both been in ill health for some time.

Elizabeth Smithson is Mrs. P. T. Morris, of Martinsville. She has three children.

Ellen Lindsay is very much interested in garden work, and teaches in Richmond, Virginia (205 E. Cary Street).

Margaret McCabe is living at the Driscoll Hotel in Washington, D. C. She has done much Government work such as census taking and child labor investigations.

Rubie Venable is a trained nurse in the Episcopal Hospital, Washington, D. C., and has held positions in several other hospitals there, her first training having been in the Children's Hospital.

January and June, 1901

Mercy Crim has taught at Mt. Hope, Leesburg and Waterford. She now manages a farm at Lovettsville, Virginia.

Josephine Goodwin (Mrs. Edgar Parsons) taught in Nelson County for seven years. She was married in 1909. "Since my marriage I have been kept busy with the house-keeping which I like and find as hard as teaching, with no vacation except a trip now and then to Washington, New York and Philadelphia."

Lillian Hook teaches Arithmetic (address, 602 - 7th Ave). She has also taught at McDowell and Churchville and in two country schools.

Nannie Houser taught in Augusta County until 1907, when she was married to Rev. G.H. Fielding of the Methodist Church. She has lived in Baltimore and Washington, and now has a country home near Sykesville, Maryland. There are two children.

Jennie Jackson was married in December, 1903, to Mr. E. E. Roberts, and now lives at Arvon, Virginia.

Ida Sharpe taught at Cedar Springs before her marriage in 1907 to Mr. W.S. Cox, of Crewe, Virginia. She has one little son, Walter J. Jr.

Bessie Carper is Mrs. W. D. Shelby, of Shameen, Canton, China.

Janie Williams taught seven years in Buckingham and now lives at Diana Mills, Virginia.

January and June, 1906

Florida Ashby is teaching at Nelly's Ford, Virginia. She has taken work at the University of Virginia Summer School, specializing in Manual Training and Domestic Science.

Margaret Brydon has taught at Atlee, Chase City, and Danville. Her present address is College Avenue, Danville.

She says, "I enjoy my work and have not cared to divide my time between that and anything else."

Helen Childrey is teaching in Richmond where she has been teaching since her graduation. Her address is 1413 Oakwood Avenue. In 1908 she went abroad, travelling in Switzerland, Italy, France, Belgium, and England.

Henrietta Dunlap teaches seventh grade in the Lexington Grammar School.

Lucy Hiner has taught in Berryville, Lebanon, and now has English in the Dublin Institute, Dublin, Virginia.

Anna Jolliffe has held positions at White Post, Hot Springs and at present at the High School at Boyce, Virginia.

Georgiana Stephenson taught first in Augusta County for three years and now has a school in Covington. She has attended summer schools at Charlottesville and the University of Pennsylvania.

Pearl Vaughan, after teaching two sessions in King and Queen County, was married in 1908 to Mr. W. A. Childrey, and is now living at 3509 E. Clay Street, Richmond, Virginia.

Louise Adams has taught at Atlee, Glen Allen, and for the past session at the Douglas School in Prince Edward County.

Carrie Bull teaches in the R. E. Lee School at Norfolk.

Mary Coleman taught for several years in Virginia and South Carolina schools. She has not taught for four years now, spending her time in travelling and visiting and having a good time in general. At present she is visiting Jane Crute Traywick ('05) at Cameron, S. C.

Carrie Dungan taught in the public schools of Chilhowie, Hampton and is now teaching at Bristol. Her work other than teaching has been "reading the *Virginia Journal of Education*, playing rook, selecting the newest and most becoming hats, criticizing my fellow teachers, and last but

not least, dodging the latest and most deadly kind of germs."

Margaret Henderson was primary teacher in Crewe four sessions, principal of schools at Wytheville and Kilmarnock, and has taken courses at the Maryland Teachers' Institute and Summer School at Charlottesville.

Hattie Kelly teaches in Newport News, Virginia.

Maud Mason, after attending Peabody Conservatory of Music at Baltimore, and teaching Music for three years, is at home where, for some time, she has attended her sick father.

Virgie Nunn has held positions in Hampton, Virginia, and Shawnee and Talequah, Oklahoma. She was married in September, 1912, to Mr. H. R. Williams, and is keeping house at Talequah.

Dorothy Rogers, having taught at Staunton and Toano until 1911, now holds a position as teacher of Mathematics and Latin at the Seventh Agricultural High School at Middleton, Virginia. She has attended Cornell since graduation and has done some clerical work for the Government.

Isa Compton teaches at Laurel, Mississippi.

Beverley Cox (Mrs. Nesbitt) lives at Big Stone Gap. She has one son, Benjamin, one year old.

Edna Cox was married in June, 1912, to Mr. Charles Turnbull and is living at Lawrenceville, Virginia.

Step toe Campbell teaches in Georgia.

Bernie Smith is in Richmond, studying to be a medical missionary.

Rhea Scott, after holding positions at the Chatham Episcopal Institute and teaching Normal Training classes in Henrico and Albemarle, teaches now in the department of Rural Education at the State Normal School at Harrisonburg. She has had a course at Columbia University.

Pauline Williamson has held positions in Pulaski, Roanoke, and Galax. Her work now is in the Commerce Street School at Roanoke. She has had summer courses at Harvard and Columbia Universities.

Bess Howard is teaching in the Gilmer Avenue School in Roanoke.

Mary Thomas teaches in the Pulaski High School.

Hattie Bugg has a Music class in Farmville.

Mary Ford (Mrs. A. B. Gathright) lives at Dumbarton, Virginia.

Bessie Verser (Mrs. B. Hobson) lives in Farmville.

Grace Walton is president of the Alumnae Chapter here.

Elizabeth Richardson died in August, 1912.

January and June, 1911

Pearl Bowyer taught in the Troutville High School the first year and is now teaching in the Cloverdale High School, Cloverdale, Virginia.

Margaret Brown has taught in Craigsville and Roanoke schools.

Lillian Byrd was teacher of History and Civics in Barton Heights High School, Richmond, during 1911-1912, and is now a Normal Training teacher at Lexington, Virginia.

Sue Cook was primary teacher in the Sussex High School the first year after graduation, and now teaches in the Bellevue School at her home, Danville, Virginia. (246 Jefferson Ave.)

Lucile Cousins has taught both terms in the Petersburg Public Schools. Her address is 218 Lawrence Street.

Mabel Smith teaches at Palls, King William County, Virginia.

Laura Homes has a school at Portsmouth, Virginia.

Lucy Leake teaches in Petersburg.

Susie Robinson taught one year at Petersburg and is now at Jarratts, Virginia.

Louise Ferguson has held positions in the Wakefield School and at Roanoke, Virginia. She is now at Southern Pines, North Carolina.

Louise Ford is principal of a school at Dumbarton, Va.

Ruth Shepherd was married recently to Mr. C. O. Forbes.

Eloise Gassman is primary teacher at the Beaver Dam High School.

Lena Gilliam teaches near Glen Allen. Bessie Jones teaches in the same school.

Katie Gray taught during the first session after graduating in the Highland Park School, Richmond. She is now at Norton, Virginia.

Ashton Hatcher has held a position in the St. Paul Graded School for two sessions.

Florence Jayne is teaching at Jefferson, Virginia.

Nellie Maupin taught in the Valley High School, Gate City, Virginia, during the session of 1911-1912, and is now doing Normal Methods work at the Shoemaker College at the same place.

Emily Johnson is a Primary teacher at Ebony, Brunswick County.

Elsie Landrum teaches third year work in the Floyd School, Lynchburg.

Mertie McDonald has taught both sessions in the West End School, Roanoke, Virginia. She writes, "I had a lovely trip to Florida with my mother during the holidays of Christmas, 1911; visited St. Augustine, Tampa, Lakeland, and St. Petersburg. We spent Christmas day on a lovely little island, Pass-a-Grille, west of St. Petersburg, on the Gulf of Mexico."

Violet Marshall has taught both sessions at Sedalia, Va.

Pearl Parsley is realizing her dreams in graduating from the Emerson College of Oratory this June. Her graduating present from her mother is to be a trip to Niagara, New York, and Philadelphia.

Lennice Ross was principal of Bridle Creek Academy, Grayson County, 1911-1912, and teaches at Ashland this year.

Lucy Steptoe was principal of a three-room school in Augusta County, 1911-1912, and principal of a four-room school near Staunton this year.

Myrtle Townes is critic teacher of the second grade in the Training School of Fredericksburg Normal School. She delivered an address on "School Gardens" to the primary teachers at the State Teachers' Convention in Richmond, November, 1912.

Carrie Hunter (Mrs. W. G. Willis, Jr.) lives at 1106 Princess Anne Street, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Lillian Wall is teaching at Bluefield, West Virginia. She has Drawing and English.

Penelope White is teaching at her home, Portsmouth, Virginia.

Lucile Cole and Elizabeth Field both died during the year of 1912.

PERSONALS

Roberta Waller, '12, is principal of the Liberty Graded School at Mica, Virginia. She is planning a trip to New York this summer.

Elizabeth Hart, '12, is a grammar grade teacher at the high school at Cismont, Virginia.

Mittie Batten has taught for the last two years in the high school at Smithfield, her home town. Booth Bland, '10, Betty Wright, '09, and Bessie Marshall, '12, are also teaching in Smithfield.

Edith Rogers, '08, is in Portland, Oregon (address 578 E. 14th Street). She has taught in several Virginia schools, and done much government work. She has had the unusually interesting experience of registering to vote.

Born, on August 8, 1912, to Mr. and Mrs. Winfred Reed (Edith Duvall, '05), a daughter, Martha Montgomery Reed.

Therese Johnson, '12, is English teacher in the Oak Level High School, News Ferry, Virginia.

Elizabeth Windsor King (February, 1904) has taught in Loudoun and Alexandria counties. Her address is 110 Payne Street, Alexandria, Virginia.

Ellen Armstrong, '99, having taught in Tennessee and Virginia, is now teaching at Agnes Scott Academy, Decatur, Georgia. Since graduation she has attended Ward Seminary, Hampden-Sidney College, and Columbia University.

Lily Carter, '99, is now Mrs. John W. Vaughan, and makes her home at Amelia Court House.

Lucy Elizabeth Wright was married in 1900 to Mr. G. B. James, of Newport News, Virginia. She has an eleven year old son, and has taken *housekeeping* as her life work.

Lucy Thornton (Mrs. Charles von Weisse), '99, lives at Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Ellen Richardson, '99, is now Mrs. Harry Walker, and lives at Fort Worth, Texas.

Ruby Leigh Orgain taught for seven years, and was married in 1906 to Mr. A. M. Orgain, of Dinwiddie, Virginia. She has two children, a girl and a boy.

Della Lewis, '99 (Mrs. Will N. Hundley), makes her home at Altavista, Virginia.

Nellie Jordan, '99, after teaching for six years in Pulaski schools, was married to Dr. R. H. Woolling, of Pulaski.

Anette Leache's (Mrs. Andrew Gemmell) letter was returned to us, but we heard through one of her classmates

that she is now living in Roanoke, and is the mother of two very interesting children.

Ella Godwin, '99, taught in Virginia for five years after graduating. She was married in 1907 to Mr. J. W. Rideout. She has three children, Mary Godwin, James Winchester, and Elizabeth.

Nelly Preston, '99, has taught in Waynesboro and Bristol public schools for some time. She has also travelled through the West in 1911, and expects to conduct parties on Western sight-seeing trips to the San Francisco Exposition.

Ruby Hudgins, '94 (Mrs. Chap Diggs), lives at 509 King Street, Hampton, Virginia. She taught for two years at the New Point Academy and was married in 1896. She has four children in the Hampton public schools. She writes, "Our class has kept up a class letter all these years. We have good reason to be proud of the class of '94. Nearly all the class have married and the single members are working hard for the betterment of society."

Mabel Roberts, '94, was married in 1903 to Mr. Sam Tankard, and they are now living in Franktown, Virginia. Since graduation she attended Randolph-Macon College taking a special course. Her wedding tour extended through parts of Georgia, Florida, and other Southern States, then to Pennsylvania and New York. She had the pleasure of hearing an address by Helen Keller at St. Louis, while attending the Exposition there. Her work has been the rearing of her four boys chiefly, finding time also for much church and missionary work. Mrs. Tankard is a subscriber to "The Focus," and writes that it has been very fine this year.

Professor and Mrs. J. R. Parrott have announced the engagement of their daughter, Rose, to Dr. Edwin Brown Fred, the marriage to take place in June. Rose was a member of this June's graduating class, but did not return to school this year.

Mamie Eubank, '09, is Mrs. J. B. Sinclair, Jr., of Hampton, Virginia. She has three daughters and one son.

Fannie Walker, '89, was married in 1904 to Mr. J. H. Long, a native of Florida, and their home is at Tavarres, Florida. She has a son seven years old.

Fannie Littleton, '89, was teacher of Physics and Chemistry here until her marriage in 1902 to Dr. Linus Ward Kline, of the Department of Education and Superintendent of Training School at that time. Dr. Kline has a position in the State Normal School at Duluth, Minnesota. They have been to Virginia six times since leaving, visited many places of interest in the North and West, and spent this last summer at Cambridge where many interesting lectures, concerts, and receptions were enjoyed.

Margaret Meagher has taught in Richmond and, at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and is now at 420 N. 119th Street, New York City.

Bessie Sampson, '08, teaches English and History in one of the Richmond schools.

Rosa Blackford Caldwell was married in 1911 to Mr. G. E. Mann, of Bluefield, West Virginia, and lives on Indian Point Ranch, Fort Sumner, New Mexico. She has a daughter, who, with her home making, occupies the most of her time.

Pauline Richardson was married in 1898 to Mr. A. E. Richardson, and her home is at Dinwiddie Court House. She has three children.

Mary Fitzhugh (Mrs. M. L. Eggleston) lives at 301 Broad Street, Port Norfolk, Virginia. Her time is devoted to the care of her six children.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Ford have announced the engagement of their daughter, Susan Emily, to Mr. Josiah L. Dickenson, of Marion, Va., the wedding to take place at the Baptist Church of Front Royal, June 4, 1913. Susie graduated from S. N. S. in 1906.

Martha Buchanan, '94, is superintendent of the hospital at Clay Center, Kansas. She entered training for nursing in 1907, and did private work in Kansas for over a year.

LETTERS

Fort Sumner, N. M., April 30, 1913.

Miss Julia Paulett,
State Normal School,
Farmville, Virginia.

Dear Julia—I have filled the blank, but it takes such an age for mail to go to and from the East that you may not get it in time for the press.

Please mail me a copy of the Alumnae Number of the "Focus," with bill and I will remit at once. I shall enjoy so much knowing the whereabouts of the old girls.

Yes, we have a perfectly adorable little daughter. Her name is Gloria, and she came the 29th of September, 1912. I had so hoped that I might bring her with me to attend the Alumnae exercises this year, but it was more convenient for Mr. Mann, so we went East in December and returned in February.

As you see from this I am out on a ranch. February, 1912, Mr. Mann bought 200 acres of irrigated land in the Pecos River Valley. This land was the old camping ground of the Navajo and Mescalero Apache Indians, during their insurrection in 1865-69. Hence its name, Indian Point Ranch.

We often find Indian relics, such as stone corn grinders, arrow heads and even an Indian skeleton was excavated.

This was virgin soil when Mr. Mann bought it, and in the fall it took the first prize at the state fair as being the best irrigated ranch in the state of New Mexico, besides about one hundred blue ribbons on products, showing the strides with which the West is progressing.

The West is fine and the air very invigorating, but to my mind there is no place like old Virginia.

With wishes for the happiest of Alumnae years and remembrances for all of my old friends,

Sincerely,

Rosa Caldwell Mann, '08.

My dear Miss Paulett—You ask for some literary contribution. Well, in reading a magazine the other day I came across the following verse and having been without help all winter, there being such a scarcity of such articles in the country, it seemed to fit my case exactly. Perhaps someone will agree with me.

"There once was a woman who always was tired,
She lived in a house where no help was hired.
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going
Where sweeping ain't done, neither churning nor sewing,
And everything else is just to my wishes;
Where one doesn't eat, *there's no washing dishes*,
And though there the anthems are constantly ringing,
I, having no voice, will be rid of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to *do nothing forever and ever.*"

With best wishes,

Mabel Welsh Rudd (Mrs. C. H.), '96,
South Richmond, Va., R. F. D. No 1.

My dear Julia May—I am enclosing the sheet you sent me to fill out. I wish I could write you a nice little story, but somehow I do not seem to be able to think of anything interesting. If you would ask me to design a shirt waist for the magazine, that would seem easier!

Wishing you all success with the June "Focus," I am
Ethelyn J. Morris, '96.

241 Armistead Ave., Hampton, Va.

My dear Julia May—It would give me a great deal of pleasure to write something for "The Focus," but as my school work is rather heavy now, I hardly think I will be able to do so. However, if the inspiration comes to me at an early moment I will forward the response for your perusal.

Thanking you for the honor of being asked to contribute and with best wishes to the whole staff, I am

Yours sincerely,

Mary Armistead Holt, '12.

Cismont, Va.

Dear Julia—This afternoon I received your letter and I am always glad to do all I can for "The Focus." I have written few lines lately, and I am afraid I will not have time to compose anything as this reply should be mailed tomorrow, so I am sending a poem written last year.

With best wishes for the success of "The Focus," I am,

Very sincerely,

Elizabeth Hart, '12.

Norton, Va.

Dear Julia May—I am filling this blank out and sending it to you at once, for I know how hard it is for editors to collect material. I am sorry I have only bare facts for you.

Here's wishing you the greatest success with your Alumnae number.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Katie Gray, '11.

423 Courtland Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Miss Paulett—Though I have lived outside of Virginia for about twelve years, I am still a loyal Virginian, and greatly interested in the great strides made at S. N. S. since I was there.

I still have two copies of "Greetings," the school magazine when I was there, bearing the dates of December, 1893, and February, 1894. They are preserved among my *treasures*.

I shall look forward with great pleasure to the Alumnae edition of "The Focus."

Be assured of my interest and best wishes for my Alma Mater.

Yours cordially,

Maud Pollard Turman, '94.

News Ferry, Va.

My dear Julia—I am sending a pretense of a poem that I hope you may find occasion to use for "The Focus." I had intended to write something else for you but never could do anything with stories and hardly thought you would want anything in the form of an essay. That is the only thing I have ever been successful with in my attempts to write.

I hope that you may be able to get up a very interesting number. With very best wishes,

Therese Johnson, '12.

Amelia, Va.

My dear Miss Paulett—I enclose herewith the form you sent me. I have not filled it out very fully, for I feel that there is very little of interest to tell about myself. I am a farmer's wife, have five children, consequently my time is largely filled with household cares.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. John W. Vaughan.

Class of '94

There has been nothing in my own life which might in any way entitle me to be in the "limelight," for even a few moments, but the class to which I belong is remarkable in certainly *one* respect, and if you will allow me, I am going to tell you of our class.

There were twenty-one of us, and so I dubbed it "The Twenty-Onders." I didn't realize then that my name for the class was at all prophetic.

One stanza of our class song ran thus (sung to the tune "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me"):

"The girls have been earnest and clever,
The girls have been clever and more,
But none of the classes have ever
Excelled the June class, '94."

Well, about a month after our graduation one of the girls on the Eastern Shore started a class letter, and that letter has continued to this good day, making its rounds about three times a year. If I am correct in my arithmetic that was nineteen years ago this summer. Can any class beat that record?

The girls are constantly saying, "The letters grow more interesting every time," showing how we love and are still interested in those with whom we "fit, bled, and died" so many years ago.

We have planned several reunions with only a small degree of success, as mothers of small children find it hard to leave home.

Two of our girls have gone on before us, and are waiting for the last great reunion on the other shore.

Fourteen of our girls are married, and we have a cradle roll that would do credit to any class! I haven't the record before me, but to the best of my memory there are at least forty-five names on that list. Some of them will no doubt soon be appearing at the old S. N. S.

Three of us have left the "Sacred Soil," and those of you who still remain within the limits of the Old Dominion hardly know how to sympathize with us. I can best express my own feelings on the subject by telling a joke which I have already told the members of the class.

A man arrived in heaven and was being shown around by a guide. After a while he was very greatly shocked to notice one man chained to a tree, and so he expressed his surprise and asked for an explanation. The guide replied, "Well, you see that man is from Virginia, and we are afraid if he gets loose, *he will go back home.*"

With cordial good wishes for all the Alumnae,

Maud Pollard Turman,
Atlanta, Ga.

Cape Charles, Va.

My dear Miss Paulett—After graduation in June, 1901, I taught three years and was married in 1904. I have given this information once before. Now I have one thing to add to it. I have kept in touch with several members

of my class but never hear from the others. I want them to know that I have a perfectly grand boy, Harry Russell, Jr. He is three years old. I hope this information is not too late to go into "The Focus."

I wish you the greatest success with your publication.

Sincerely yours,

Louise Hogwood Russell, '01.

Washington, D. C.

My dear Miss Paulett—I received with much pleasure, your request for some statement from me. I wish I had time to write directly for your issue but I am utterly exhausted by the D. A. R. convention to which I was the representative of my chapter.

I did not know this was Alumnae year or I think I should have tried to be present as I always desired to see the Normal and town where I spent so many happy days that I like to count them by hours. The inestimable value to my whole life of the intercourse and the profound and vast experience of the knowledge gained from the wonderful brain of Mr. Cunningham counts for more than all eternity can measure where I am concerned. I could write pages in memory of him and then make no beginning.

My greetings to the class of '96 if any be present,—and for succeeding classes my very best wishes and regrets that they could never have known the man I honor above all men.

To you all I send my greetings.

Very truly yours,

Margaret V. McCabe, '96.

Training School Alumnae Department

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

"The square of the first plus twice the product of—oh bother! How does that go. Wonder if that is the formula this example is worked by. I wish I had somebody to help me just a little. If I could only go to school next winter I could finish this Algebra and then—oh, what is the use of dreaming about it. Guess I never can go to school any more. Wish father hadn't had to have sold his place. Poor old dad is having such a tough time down here. We can't go to school or church or anywhere."

It was a very discouraged little boy who closed the old Algebra book and placed it on the shelf with a few other treasured books.

"Wonder if Billie Jones can work that problem. Believe I'll go over and ask him. Guess he learned to work 'most every thing at college last winter."

Whistling merrily, Jimmy left his poor little room and was soon strolling down the cool shady land towards Billie's home. The saucy blue jay scolded fiercely as he passed near its nest. A brilliant monarch darted about him, inviting a chase. A mocking bird did its best to win his applause. Today he had no thoughts for these things. He was dreaming—dreaming of the day when he would be able to go to college. Suddenly he was aroused from his dreaming by the sharp blast of a motorcycle horn, directly behind him.

"Hello, Jimmy," called a familiar voice, as he sprang aside.

Jimmy turned quickly to see Billie Jones dismounting a splendid new machine.

"My, what a beauty!" cried Jimmy, in a voice brimming with admiration as he examined the beautiful throbbing machine.

"Isn't it though?" exclaimed Billy. "It is the surprise father had for me when he came back from New York. Isn't he a brick?"

"That he is," asserted Jimmy. "By the way, what did you do with your old bicycle?"

"Oh, it is at home in the carriage house. Guess it will have a nice long rest unless father sells it. I told him he could, if he wanted to," laughingly exclaimed Billy, as he remounted the motor-cycle and set the machine to work. "I promised to get some things in the village for mother, so must be off. So long!"

"My, how I would like to have that bicycle," murmured Jimmy, half aloud, as he watched Billy disappear around the turn. He started home more discouraged than ever. But his brain was not idle. Suddenly he stopped and, after a moment's hesitation, retraced his steps towards Mr. Jones'. This time his steps had unusual spring and he was whistling merrily.

As he approached the house he saw Mr. Jones sitting on the porch, reading.

"Hello, Jimmy," exclaimed Mr. Jones. "Be seated and tell me the news."

"Mr. Jones, I want to talk to you on some business. I want to know if you would sell me Billy's old bicycle," said Jimmy, earnestly.

"Well what do you want with it?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Oh," said Jimmy, "I want to ride to school next fall as it is too far to walk and daddy can't afford to send me to college. I will work for you this summer for it and make enough to buy some clothes and my books with it too."

"I don't need a boy now," said Mr. Jones kindly.

"Oh, but if you will let me, I will do anything you want me to," said Jimmy.

"Well, if you will do anything, I reckon I will let you work for me. I will expect you to begin early tomorrow morning. Good-bye."

The next morning he was at Mr. Jones' bright and early and began his work earnestly. Mr. Jones was much pleased with him. When school began he was the proud owner of the bicycle, school-clothes, and books. As he rode gaily away his father called to him, "Well, well, where there's a will, there's a way, eh, Jim."

—Annie Bragg, '11.

HIS OPPORTUNITY

It was a struggling, foaming, unglinted stream that rushed on in mad, trembling haste to swell the river farther on, and the brown and smooth stepping stones that dotted it across, looked horribly shiny and slippery.

Louise Ford paused an instant in her precipitate flight on the green mossy bank and viewed these stones. Beautiful and dainty looked Louise, her softly-rounded cheeks, glowing pink from the excitement of her rapid run, her tender, violet eyes gleaming as bright as two twin stars, and a few damp, golden locks clinging to her white blue-veined brow with loving persistency.

Before crossing the stream she glanced back along the path she had just rushed down so swiftly and the sight of a young man moving along it and nearing her very rapidly caused her to grasp the skirts of her white gown with one slender white bejeweled hand.

"I know I will slip and fall," she murmured, "but I just must cross."

She would rather have fallen a thousand times than to meet Robert White, and the meeting would be simply unavoidable if she did not trust herself to these slippery rocks. And yet, just two short years ago Louise and Robert had been very true friends, and very devoted to each other as only two young and very earnest lovers can be, but they had quarreled over some trivial affair and, unlike the most of such quarrels, this one proved to be a very serious one indeed. Each was very proud and felt aggrieved and not even the worried entreaties of parents and loving friends could manage to rectify the quarrel between them.

Louise was just as wilful and capricious a little beauty as ever lived, and Robert was, to tell the truth about it, overwhelmingly sulky. And so these two had drifted far apart and in time the physicians could not even cure the wounds in their hearts. But poor Robert! Try as he would he could not forget her.

Robert White had come to this quiet little village, Wake Forest, for the summer, hoping to meet no one who

reminded him of his bitter past. But as fate plays the game with us, poor and helpless mortals, Louise's school friends, who lived at Wake Forest, extended her an invitation, which Louise accepted, all unconscious of Robert White being anywhere near there.

As Wake Forest was a very small place it was impossible to stay in the village many days without meeting every inhabitant. And now, this beautiful, sunny June afternoon, Louise and Robert had met. It came about in this way: Robert was walking along a rather winding path which lay but a short distance from the village, smoking a cigar and thinking, of course, of Louise. As he came to a sharp turn in the path he was startlingly surprised to see a young woman walking along before him and there was no mistaking the quick little decisive step. At his startled exclamation the girl glanced around and bent upon him Louise's great violet eyes, into whose depths had crept a look of most startled wonderment. For an instant she stood stock still then recovering herself, quickened her pace to a rapid run, until she reached the above mentioned stream.

After a little hesitation as to whether she should cross the rocks or meet him, she stepped upon the rock nearest the bank, but alas, the foundation of that rock was anything but secure and besides Louise's dainty high-heeled slippers were never intended to tread stepping-stones. The stone rocked violently for an instant and then Louise was hurled upon the bank with all the emphasis needed for the occasion.

The stone, very fortunately, was near the water's edge or else she would have landed unceremoniously in the stream. But when Louise attempted to rise, a sharp, painful twinge in her ankle caused her to sink down again with a moan, and a very white, frightened face. In an instant Robert White was beside her,

"I am so sorry," he said, sympathetically, an anxious look upon his handsome face.

"Never mind," she said, "I require no aid," waving aside the assistance he was about to render her, and trying to give verification to her words, attempted to regain her

feet, but the sprain her ankle had received was by no means a gentle one. She sank again upon the mossy bank and her large eyes filled with tears. All this time Robert had been watching her with rather an amused expression in his face, but when he saw she was so badly hurt he commanded her to remove her shoe, which she promptly did. Robert bathed her ankle very tenderly and bound it in his handkerchief. This done, Louise thanked him with a bright, sweet smile. The smile and Louise's great, violet eyes were more than he could stand, and the next minute he was telling her of his deathless love for her own dear self.

But Louise, very haughty and proud, asked him to leave as she would be able to reach the village alone. Knowing that her ankle was very bad and that it was impossible for her to walk on it, Robert walked up the bank a few rods and amused himself watching Louise, trying to rise, each time sinking down again upon the mossy bank.

The afternoon faded and twilight came on and the girl finally decided to accept Robert's assistance if he offered it again. But he sat upon the bank, seemingly oblivious to all earthly things, save the silvery ripples, waltzing madly over each other in the stream below him. Louise grew restless and impatient, she tried to walk once more, but of course failed in the attempt. Finally growing very tired she called in a rather entreating tone, "Mr. White." No answer came from the young man, who at this very moment, seemed to be plunged into a very abyss of profound thought.

"Mr. White!" she called again, this time with emphasis upon the last word. But "Mr. White" did not answer, and large tears gathered in the girl's beautiful eyes.

"Robert," she finally called out in sheer desperation, and in a moment Robert was at her side, and then somehow she never afterwards could fully explain, how it happened but Louise was in Robert White's arms, sobbing out all her pride and anger and foolish resentment upon his breast.

"I knew it would come out all right," said Robert, "if the fates would only grant me a favorable opportunity."

"And just think,"—into Louise's eyes crept a startled look,—"if I had crossed without falling, your opportunity would have been lost."

—*Princess Watkins*, '12.

WHY WE HAVE THE LITTLE WHITE VIOLET

A very long time ago this world was very beautiful, even more so than it is now. It was all like a beautiful flower garden. At this time the queen of the flowers gave a big party and invited all of the other flowers to come.

It was spring and all of them put on their prettiest dresses. The violet put on her purple dress, the daffodil, her yellow, and so on with all of the flowers. Now, when they reached the place where the party was to be given the queen gave them a hearty welcome, for she was very glad to see them. She said, "Now I want everyone of you to have the best time that you have ever had in your lives, so you can go anywhere you please and do anything that you want to, except drink water from the little spring at the foot of the hill."

Now, this was a beautiful place and the flowers danced on the lawn and just had a fine time. They were very warm when they finished dancing and it happened that the little violets stopped right near the pretty little spring at the foot of the hill. "Oh!" some of them said, "let's drink some of this nice cool water."

But a few of them, who remembered what the queen had asked them, said, "No, no, the queen told us not to drink of this water." So none of them drank of the water. While they were sitting there, however, the other flowers danced up and seeing the water, exclaimed, "Oh, what nice clear water, let's all drink."

The violets then jumped up and said, "You must not do it for the queen said that you mustn't."

"Oh," said the red tulip, "we are so tired from dancing, of course she will not care."

After talking for a long time, the other flowers said, "We don't care if she does." And with that all of them drank some of the water, even some of the little violets who

would not drink at first. However, a few little violets did not drink.

"Now, don't go and tell on us," said the quince-blossom to the little violets, "for she will never know if you don't."

"We won't of course." But just then the queen stepped up and said, "They will not need to tell, for I am here to see for myself." Then turning to the little violets, who had not tasted of the water she said, "Drink as much as you want to." This they did, and when they had finished they looked at their dresses and they were no longer of royal purple, but of pure white, which is much more beautiful.

"Now," said the queen, "you shall always wear pure white which will be a sign of your purity within."

So, though most of our violets are purple, we always have a few beautiful little white ones which are those first little white violets' grandchildren.

—*Lillian P. Bugg*, '07.

THE SACRIFICE

The ball was over and the last echoes of the departing guests floated up to Delia as she stood by the window of her room. The rays of the moon gleamed through long aisles of trees, illumining her figure. The darkness of the background and the frame of the window made a picture that many a famous artist would have liked to add to his collection of beautiful women.

Delia, not conscious of the picture she was making, began to unfasten her hair, which fell in golden masses over her shoulders, and all the time through that head that owned such wonderful hair many thoughts were passing, the foremost thoughts being, "Must I consider my happiness first or the happiness of others?" A smile passed over the lovely face as she lived over the last two hours, the happiest hours of her life. She and Carol had gone out on the lawn for a breath of air after their first dance and sought a bench under the old elm tree. There Carol had poured out his story of how he had given his father a solemn promise which he could not break. His last words were,

"Delia, I cannot live without you for four long years." She loved him but she also loved her old father and her little blind sister; she was their sole comfort, her mother being dead.

The handsome young man, Carol Hyde, who sought Delia's hand was the son of a banker, who wanted his son to make a name for himself, and not marry so early in life. Therefore he had persuaded his son to travel for four years and gain what knowledge he could of the world. To travel four years meant separation from Delia. This Carol did not think of when he gave his consent to his father, and now he wanted his fair sweetheart to accompany him as his bride.

His last words came back to Delia as she stood in the window. Tomorrow she must give her reply. Tears came into her eyes as she thought of little Jane asking for her every day and the old father trying to comfort her. She also pictured the little blind girl groping in the darkness with only the feeble hand of her father to guide her, when all at once they both slipped and fell as the picture vanished from her mind. The tears ceased to flow as she realized that that would be their life if she was not there to help, and all her happiness seemed such a little thing, as a voice floated on the night breeze and seemed to say, "As much as you have done it unto one of these, you have done it unto Me."

—*Maria Doyne*, '11.

TRAINING SCHOOL PERSONALS

Thelma Blanton, Virgilia Bugg, Parke Morris, Annie Stone, Ruth Garnett, Bessie Price, Lilian Rice, and Olive Foster are being graduated from S. N. S. this year. Thelma Blanton is Editor-in-Chief and Annie Laurie Stone, Business Manager of the *Virginian* for 1913.

Maria Bristow is president of the Junior class and Literary Editor of "The Focus." She also takes a prominent part in the Dramatic Club.

Parke Morris has served on two inter-society debates this year, was on "The Focus" staff for the first term, and

now holds the office of president of the Argus Literary Society.

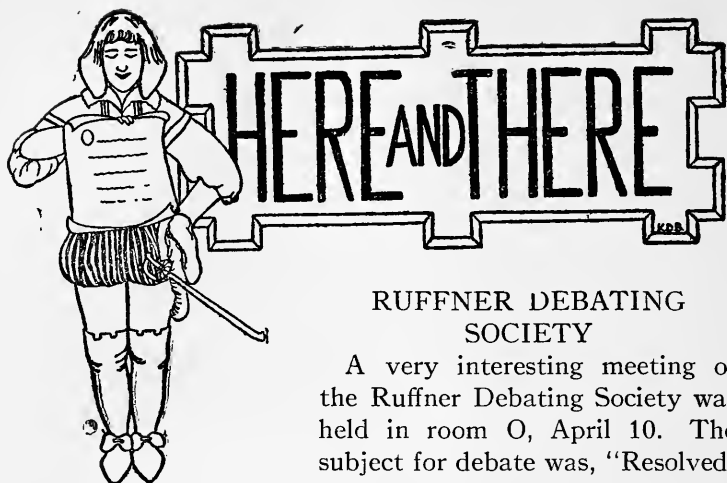
Rill Harris is president of the First Year Class.

Lillian Bugg, who lost two years from her Normal School work on account of illness, is now a member of the Junior Class. Mary Putney, Lucile Baldwin, Nancy Johnson, Kate Richardson, and Fannie Price also expect to graduate in 1914.

Edna Putney has stopped school for a while on account of her eyes.

Martha King Bugg is president of the Fourth Year Class.

Charlotte Dadmun, Mattie Love Doyne, Altha Duvall, Elizabeth Jarman, Mary Morris and Eloise Watkins are now in the Third Year Class.



RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

A very interesting meeting of the Ruffner Debating Society was held in room O, April 10. The subject for debate was, "Resolved: That there is harm in dancing."

The affirmative side was well defended by Misses Mary Berger and Sadie Phillips, while Misses Lucy Moore and Nellie Thomasson upheld the negative.

The judges, Misses Garnett, Riegal and Hutt, gave a unanimous decision in favor of the affirmative.

On April 25, a regular meeting was held in room O. A very spicy debate was given on the subject, "Resolved: That college students derive as much benefit from literary societies as from their regular studies. The speakers on the affirmative side were Misses Annie Moss and Frances Meade, and on the negative Misses Margaret Garnett and Elizabeth Wall. The rebuttal was especially spirited and interesting. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

SOCIAL MEETING OF THE FARMVILLE CHAPTER OF STATE NORMAL SCHOOL ALUMNAE

On Thursday afternoon, May 1, our chapter met at Mrs. E.R. Booker's home for the purpose of making some arrangements for the regular Alumnae meeting to be held here in June, also to elect local officers for the ensuing year. Miss

Mary Jackson presided and since all matters pertaining to the June meeting were relegated to this chapter for settlement on that day through a letter from Miss Ruth Redd, Alumnae President, it was unfortunate that only eighteen of our thirty members were present.

The regular business meeting of the Alumnae Association will be held at the Normal School on Saturday at 10:30. The Farmville Chapter and Mrs. A. A. Cox will entertain the Alumnae very informally on that afternoon from 4:30 to 5:30 at Mrs. A. A. Cox's home on High Street. Names were suggested for toast mistress at the Alumnae banquet to be given by the Normal School on Saturday evening, and Miss Clair Burton, of Lynchburg, was chosen to preside. The selection of a speaker was left to Dr. Jarman, who has since secured the services of Dr. Currell, of Washington and Lee.

Miss Coulling was present and made a strong appeal for the Normal League, suggesting in conclusion that the Farmville Alumnae undertake some definite work or pledge a certain amount to be used in the support of a Prince Edward girl whenever practicable. A motion was made and carried that each member of our Alumnae Association and others who may be interested in the work be asked to join the Normal League, and Misses Grace Walton and Mollie Byerly were chosen as solicitors.

The officers elected were Miss Grace Walton, President; Mrs. J. C. Mattoon, Vice-President; and the present incumbent, Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. A. A. Cox, was unanimously re-elected.

Mrs. Booker served delicious tea, and her cordial hospitality was enjoyed by all present.

—*Mary E. Peck*, '03.

FIELD DAY EXERCISES

State Normal School

May 2, 1913

Hurdle Race 15:9, 6—Winner of Senior class, Mary Carnes; First Year, Marie Price.

20 Yard Dash—Winner, Senior, Annie Jones.

20 Yard Dash—Winners, Senior, Annie Jones, Antionette Davis.

Shot Put 10:6, 3, 1—Winner, Second Year class, First and Second, Maggie Fisher.

Three Legged Race 6:3, 2, 1—Winners, Senior, Annie Jones, Verna Reynolds; Junior, Elizabeth Gildea, Mary Morehead; First Year, Marie Price, Hulda Daniel.

Sack Race 6:3, 2, 1—Winners, Third Year Class, Temple Snelling; Second Year, Marie Price; Fourth Year, Winnie Sledd.

Stride Ball 8:5, 3—Winners, Seniors, Third Year.

Tug of War 15:5, 5, 5—Winners, Second Year, Third Year, Juniors.

Points—First Year, 9; Second Year, 17; Third Year, 17; Fourth Year, 1; Juniors, 10; Seniors, 36.

Managers: Miss Minnie Butler, Miss Ruth Gleaves.

Marshalls: Miss Eva Larmour, Miss Etta Bailey, Miss Marie Noel, Miss Rille Harris, Miss Sallie Hargrave, Miss Carrie White, Miss Susan Ewell, Miss Judith Shumate.

Time keeper: Miss Dodge.

Starter: Miss Myer.

Linesmen: Miss Fannie Graham, Mr. Mattoon.

On Friday night, May 2, Argus, Athenian, and Jefferson Literary Societies most delightfully entertained the Cunningham, Pierian, and Ruffner Literary Societies. The reception hall was beautifully decorated with potted plants. Refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, were served on the porch, which was very attractively decorated with Japanese lanterns. Dancing was very much enjoyed by all.

The Training School gave a very creditable May Day program on May 2, which was as follows:

- I. Entering March.....All Grades
- II. Opening Chorus, "May is Here"
"Now is the Month of May".....Grades III and VIII
- III. Crowning of the Queen—

1. Procession of the Fourth Grade
2. Song, "Crown Her, O Crown Her"
3. The Crowning.....Grade IV
- IV. Song, "Hail to the Queen".....Grades III and VIII
- V. Dance, "May Time".....Grade III
- VI. Dance, "Mazurka I".....Grade IV
- VII. Dance, "Lads and Lassies".....Kindergarten
- VIII. Dance, "First of May".....Grade I
- IX. Dance, "Tantoli".....Grade II
- X. Dance, Scottische.....Grade V
- XI. Dance, "Weaving Dance".....Grade VI
- XII. Song, "Sing, Happy Children"....Grades III and IV

On May 8, 9, and 10, The Coburn Players presented the following plays on the Normal School campus: Wednesday night, "Romeo and Juliet;" Thursday night, "The Canterbury Pilgrims;" Friday Matinee, "Comedy of Errors;" Friday night, "Henry V."

BALLAD CLUB

The work which the Ballad Club has done during the few months it has been organized has been especially gratifying, considering the small amount of time which it was possible to give a new club, being organized, as this was, in the midst of a busy term.

Now that vacation is here the real work of collecting begins. Even where we have heard songs sung all our lives, the multiplicity of duties which we have during the school term, tends to crowd some of the lines out of our memories, so when we go home again, with no more lessons to learn, nor appointments to keep, let us try to write down those forgotten lines—not only that, but let's ask father and mother and all of the aunts and uncles and friends we know to let us write down the words to all of the old songs they've ever sung. The chances are that one out of ten will be a version of an old ballad. If we are not able to identify them ourselves let's send them on to the president of our club, Mr. Grainger, anyway. He will be in Farmville the whole of vacation, and any contribution sent him will receive his most careful attention.

Before leaving school then, let us provide ourselves with *music* paper and *plan* paper, because we want to save the tunes as well as the words of all the ballads we find; and we will send the words in 'on uniform paper so that they can be easily filed.

Above all, let us remember to get the histories of all of the ballads we find. Be certain to tell what county they are from and give the name of the contributor

The following ballad was contributed by Miss India Covey, who heard it in Pulaski County. It is another variant of "Old Grumble."

Bobbie is dead and under the sod, under the sod, under
the sod,
Bobbie is dead and under the sod,
Boo, hoo, hoo.

Apple tree grows right over his head, over his head, over
his head,
Apple tree grows right over his head,
Boo, hoo, hoo.

The apples are ripe and beginning to fall, beginning to fall,
beginning to fall,
The apples are ripe and beginning to fall,
Boo, hoo, hoo.

An old woman comes 'long, picking them up, picking them
up, picking them up,
An old woman comes 'long picking them up,
Boo, hoo, hoo.

Bobbie jumps up and gives her a thump, gives her a thump,
gives her a thump,
Bobbie jumps up and gives her a thump,
Boo, hoo, hoo.

Old woman goes off hippe-te-hop, hippe-te-hop, hippe-te-
hop,

Old woman goes off hippe-te-hop,
Boo, hoo, hoo.

The apples are there right under the shelf, under the shelf,
under the shelf,
The apples are there right under the shelf,
Boo, hoo, hoo.

If you want any more you can sing it yourself, sing it your-
self, sing it yourself,
If you want any more you can sing it yourself,
Boo, hoo, hoo.

This version of Love Gregor was handed in by Miss
Mae Cox, of Albermarle County:

O who will shoe my pretty little foot?
And who will glove my hand?
And who will kiss my red rosy lips,
When you have gone to the far-off land?

Chorus:

O hush, my love, you'll break my heart,
For I hate to hear you cry,
For the best of friends must part some day,
And why not you and I?

Your papa will shoe your pretty little foot,
Your brother will glove your hand,
Your mamma will kiss your red, rosy lips,
When I am gone to the far off land.

Chorus

It's hard to love and not be loved,
It's hard to please your mind,
You've broken the heart of many a poor girl,
But you never shall break mine.

Chorus

Lockey E. Delp, Grayson County, contributed the following old song. It resembles the ballads in many respects and is a typical Virginia folk song. There are several versions of it in circulation in the State.

Madam, I have come a-courting,
Hey, ho, heigh, hum,
'Tis for pleasure I am sporting,
Hey, ho, heigh, hum.

You go home, 'tis my desire,
Tattle, tinktem, tinktem, tum,
And sit there and court the fire,
Tattle, tinktem, tinktem, tum.

Madam, thou art tall and slender,
Hey, ho, heigh, hum,
And I know thy heart is tender,
Hey, ho, heigh, hum,

Sir, I know thou art a flatterer,
Tattle, tinktem, tinktem, tum,
And I never did like a Anaker,
Tattle, tinktem, tinktem, tum.

I've a ring, cost forty shillings,
Hey, ho, heigh, hum.
Thou may take if thou art willing,
Hey, ho, heigh, hum.

I want none of your rings or money,
Tattle, tinktem, tinktem, tum.
I want a man that will call me honey,
Tattle, tinktem, tinktem, tum.

Must I go home without a token,
Hey, ho, heigh, hum;
Must I go home with my heart broken,
Hey, ho, heigh, hum.

You go home and tell your father,
Tattle, tinktem, tinktem, tum,
That they can not get me ready,
Tattle, tinktem, tinktem, tum.

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THE FOCUS

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On a beautiful day in October,
As I strolled around the place,
I rounded a corner suddenly,
And met Bacteria face to face.

He had worn away to a shadow,
Since last I'd seen the pup,
So I looked him in the eye and said,
"Bacteria, old boy, what's up?"

He wiggled his thin, wan body,
And he smiled a thin, wan smile,
Then started to scoot, but I grabbed him,
To make him talk a while.

I drew from him his story,
To drive dull care away,
And honestly, it's the most pitiful thing,
I've heard in many a day.

"Circumstantial evidence
Is the bane of my existence,
But still they sling it at me,
With unvarying persistence.

"And oh! my master," sighed the pup,
"Is always up to crazy pranks;
If human life is a big machine
I guess he's one of its cranks.

"He's been to a Sunday School Convention,
In Knoxville, Tennessee.
Sunday School? It looks more like
Wedding bells, to me."

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THE FOCUS

"Did he bring her back?" "Believe me,
He did *not*. Ask me why;
She left him waiting at the church—
Pardon me while I sigh."

"Where is he now?" I asked the pup,
He gave me a look askance,
"Receiving congratulations,"
Said he, with a withering glance.

Then the "carrier pigeon" sighed a sigh,
Said he, "I'm resigned to my fate,
And I must go now to Hygeine,
There's the bell and I am late."

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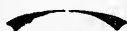
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